

T H E

**Gold Rush Song Book**

A COMPILATION OF FAMOUS SONGS  
SUNG BY THE MEN WHO CAME TO  
CALIFORNIA TO MINE FOR GOLD IN

**1849**



FEB 14 1949



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# The Gold Rush Song Book

COMPRISING A GROUP OF TWENTY-FIVE AUTHENTIC  
BALLADS AS THEY WERE SUNG BY THE MEN WHO DUG FOR  
GOLD IN CALIFORNIA DURING THE PERIOD OF THE  
GREAT GOLD RUSH OF 1849.

Compiled by Eleanora Black and Sidney Robertson

WITH MUSIC



THE COLT PRESS :: 1940 :: SAN FRANCISCO :: CALIFORNIA

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Black, Eleanora, comp.

The gold rush song book,  
comprising a group of  
1940.

**600552**

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## INTRODUCTION

*THESE are the songs the Gold Rush made. They were sung to folk and popular tunes familiar to early California settlers; they describe the trip to California and daily life in the mines.*

*With three irresistible exceptions, the texts are reprinted from paper-bound songsters published before 1860. They were chosen from among several hundred songs as those most likely actually to have been sung by California miners, because they are vivid and direct, easy to remember and good fun to sing. In 1855, Old Put (John A. Stone), the most famous of the folk composers and song collectors of the period, prefaches his Original California Songster as follows:*

In dedicating this little Book of Songs to the Miners of California, those hardy builders of California's prosperity and greatness, the author deems it his duty to offer a prefatory remark in regard to the origin of the work and the motive of its publication.

Having been a miner himself for a number of years, he has had ample opportunities of observing, as he has equally shared, the many trials and hardships to which his brethren of the pick and shovel have been exposed, and to which in general they have so patiently, so cheerfully, and even heroically submitted. Hence, ever since the time of his crossing the Plains, in the

memorable year of '50, he has been in the habit of noting down a few of the leading items of his experience, and clothing them in the garb of humorous though not irreverent verse.

Many of his songs may show some hard edges, and he is free to confess, that they may fail to please the more aristocratic portion of the community, who have but little sympathy with the details, hopes, trials or joys of the toiling miner's life; but he is confident that the class he addresses will not find them exaggerated, nothing extenuated, nor aught set down "in malice."

In conclusion, he would state, that after having sung them himself at various times and places, and latterly with the assistance of a few gentlemen, known by the name of the Sierra Nevada Rangers, the songs have been published at the request of a number of friends; and if the author should thereby succeed in contributing to the amusement of those he is anxious to please, enliven the long tedious hours of a miner's winter fireside, his pains will not be unrewarded.—San Francisco, September, 1855.

*The pocket-sized songsters published in California during the Gold Rush offered for the most part original or parodied words set to a familiar air. The tunes were named but were not written out and have therefore had to be located elsewhere.*

*While the settings that follow are as authentic as we could make them, no living singers have been found in California who sing just these words to just these tunes, with the single*

*exception of Leon Ponce, who sings The Days of Forty-Nine as he learned it from a Forty-Niner. Mr. Ponce's version of this song is fragmentary, so his text and tune have been used for the first verse only; the remainder of this text is taken from a printed source. For the other songs whose tunes were recorded by living singers, the songster texts are complete. Seven texts in all are here set to variants of the proper melody recorded from the oral tradition rather than from published sources. Melodies for the other texts came chiefly from collections of minstrel songs and fiddle tunes which appeared in print between 1850 and 1882.*

*The airs for the songs whose tunes were found in print have been rather freely adapted to fit the texts. This was necessary because different words belonged to each tune in its published form. Scholarly exactitude in the matter of such adaptation for the period of the Gold Rush is no longer possible, since no contemporary evidence has survived and men's memories today are fragmentary. We can claim for the versions we offer only that they would have been recognizable, at least, to a California miner in the Fifties. No tunes were composed for this volume and every care has been taken to see that the airs conform to the titles indicated for each text in the songster.*

*Words and air have here been combined by making them*

*scan alike. It is perfectly respectable folk procedure, however, to prolong a measure or a phrase by any needed number of beats in order to fit in a phrase of the text, since folk verse is metrically no more severely tailored than are the tunes. The only rule seems to be that phrases of text and tune must begin together. In this respect the versions offered here have undoubtedly been treated too strictly. Notes have been repeated within the measure by dividing the beat to fit the rhythm of the words, instead of prolonging a measure by winding up an unduly long phrase with a recitative on one note, as a singer would surely do in the slow narrative songs. Our mating of texts to tunes is therefore not to be taken too seriously, particularly as the arrangement that suits one verse will not always suit the next. A folk singer makes each tune his own by varying the melody in his own way from verse to verse. It is hoped that owners of this volume will feel equally free to salt each tune to taste.*

*Some evidence of the manner in which these songs were sung has survived in written descriptions and in songs learned from Forty-Niners which are still remembered in fragmentary form by oldsters in the mines. A five-stringed banjo (picked, not strummed), is the natural accompaniment for them; a guitar will do. During the Gold Rush, as today, the singing of a folk song was an exceedingly serious*

business, no matter how humorous the words. Enunciation had to be distinct, so that the story would be clear to every hearer; but an emphatic rhythm, usually audibly tapped out by one toe, was an integral part of the folk singer's performance, even when the idea expressed in the text would not seem to require this monotonous accent. The style was never emotionally interpretative, for convention required understatement. Delivery was dead-pan rather than dramatic. Moreover, when a folk-singer came to the end of his song he stopped without warning; there was no "letting the old cat die" by broadening the rhythm to bring his tale to a gradual close.

Since folk melodies seem to be felt by their performers as a curved continuity of sound whose plastic outline alone is fixed, the precise notes of a melody are not considered of first importance. A folk singer has a happy disregard for the conventional musical idea that a melody consists of seven tones, each one of which must be hit in the very middle. For this reason it should be borne in mind that a printed melody, which is of necessity limited to fixed points on a five-line staff, does not look as fluid as it should sound when freely performed.

Credit is due the Work Projects Administration for the recording of three songs, as well as for the filming of the

Broderson material at Sutter's Fort which has made possible the inclusion here of several tunes from that collection. William Broderson taught music and fiddled for dances at Comanche, Calaveras County, around 1862. His music library has been preserved at Sutter's Fort in Sacramento, under the friendly guardianship of Harry C. Peterson, the curator there. For three other recorded songs we are obliged to the Farm Security Administration.

It is a pleasure to acknowledge the contributions of Ben Rice and Ben Strong in Missouri, and especially of Leon Ponce and John McCready in the Southern Mine region of California. We hope to include songs recorded by Spencer McCready, John's brother, in a later volume.

We wish particularly to express our appreciation to Edwin Grabhorn for the use of his collection of pocket songsters and to Albert Elkus, Chairman of the Department of Music, for the use of material in the Archive of California Folk Music at the University of California.

Our thanks go also to Edward F. Waters and Richard S. Hill of the Library of Congress, to Eleanor Bancroft of the Bancroft Library in Berkeley and to Jessica Fredericks of the San Francisco Public Library.

SIDNEY ROBERTSON  
ELEANORA BLACK



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# What Was Your Name in the States?

SLYLY

H, ————— what was your name in the States? Was it

Thomp-son, or John-son or Bates? Did you mur-der your wife And

fly for your life? Say, what was your name in the States?

# The Unhappy Miner

AIR: OLD DOG TRAY

COMFORTABLY

Y hap - py days are past, The mines have failed at last, The can - ons and gul - ches no long - er will pay, There's no-thing left for me, I'll nev - er, nev - er see My hap - py, hap - py home far a - way. Oh, hap - py home, now where art thou, Friends that were kind and sin - cere? A - las, I do not know, my heart is full of woe, Think-ing of loved ones so dear.

2.

I mine from break of day,  
But cannot make it pay,  
Disheartened return to my cabin at night,  
Where rattlesnakes crawl round  
My bed made on the ground,  
And coiling up, lay ready to bite.

3.

My poor old leaky lamp  
Is always cold and damp;  
My blanket is covered with something that crawls;  
My bread will never rise,  
My coffee-pot capsizes.  
I'd rather live inside of prison walls.

4.

My boots are full of holes,  
Like merchants have no *soles*;  
My hands, once so soft, are harder than stone;  
My pants and woolen shirt  
Are only rags and dirt;  
And must I live and die here alone?

THE  
UNHAPPY  
MINER

cont'd.



8.

If I were home again,  
To see green fields of grain,  
And all kinds of fruit hanging ripe on the trees;  
I there would live and die,  
The gold mines bid good-bye—  
Forever free from bed-bugs and fleas.

5.

I know how miners feel  
When pigs begin to squeal,  
Or hens on their roosts to cackle and squall;  
It makes my blood run cold  
To think its all for gold,  
And often wish that Gabriel would call!

6.

It's "Starve or pay the dust,"  
For merchants will not trust,  
And then in the summer the diggins are dry;  
Of course then I am broke,  
Swelled up by poison oak;  
It's even so, I really would not lie.

7.

I've lived on pork and beans,  
Through all those trying scenes,  
So long I dare not look a hog in the face;  
And often do I dream  
Of custard pies and cream;  
But really it is a *quiet sake* case.

# Life in California

AIR: USED UP MAN

I ha'nt got no home, nor no-thing else, I s'pose, Mis-  
for-tune seems to fol-low me wher - ev - er I goes; I come to Cal - i -  
for-nia with a heart both stout and bold, And have been up to the dig-gins, there to  
get some lumps of gold. But I'm a used-up man, a per-fect used-up



man, And if ev - er I get home a-gain, I'll stay there if I can.

2.

I lives 'way down in Maine, where I heard about the diggings,  
So I shipped aboard a darned old barque commanded by Joe  
Higgins;  
I sold my little farm, and from wife and children parted,  
And off to California sailed, and left 'em broken hearted.

*But here's a used up man, etc.*

3.

When I got to San Francisco, I saw such heaps of money,  
And the way the folks at monte played, I thought the game  
quite funny;  
So I took my little pile, and on the table tossed it,  
And the chap who dealt me out the cards, says,  
"My friend, you have lost it!"

*So you're a used up man, etc.*

4.

I got into a steamboat and started up the river,  
Where I tho't the darned mosquitoes would ha' taken out my liver;  
When I got to Sacramento I buckled on this rigging,  
And soon I found a decent place, and so I went to digging.

*But I'm a used up man, etc.*

5.

I got into the water, were the "fever-n-ager" took me,  
And after I was froze to death, it turned about and shook me;  
But still I kept to work, a hopin' 'twould be better,  
But the water wouldn't fall a bit, but kept a getting wetter.

*But I'm a used up man, etc.*

6.

I 'spose if I should die, they'd take me to the Mission,  
Or else the city'd sell me to pay up my physician;  
I've tried to keep up courage, and swore I wouldn't spree it,  
And here's my pile for five months' work, I'd lief as not you'd see it.

*For I'm a used up man, etc.*

7.

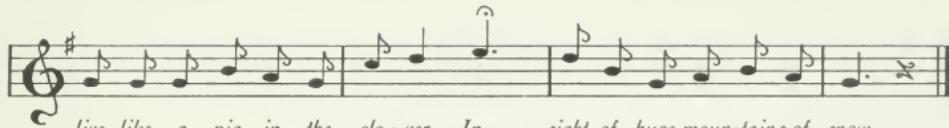
I don't know what to do, for all the time I'm doging,  
To hunt up grub enough to eat, and find a descent lodging;  
I can't get any liquor, and no one seems to meet me,  
Who'll take me by the collar now, and kindly ask to treat me!

*For I'm a used up man, etc.*

# He's the Man for Me

AIR: ROSIN THE BOW

VE — trav - elled the moun - tains all ov - er, And  
now to the val - leys I'll go, And live like a pig in the  
clo - ver, In sight of huge moun-tains of snow. In  
sight of huge moun-tains of snow — And  
sight of huge moun-tains of snow — And



live like a pig in the clo-ver, In sight of huge moun-tains of snow.

2.

I'll marry a rich senorita,  
And live on a ranch in the west;  
Have forty young greasers to greet her,  
And fifty, if put to the test.



CHORUS

And fifty, if put to the test,  
And fifty, if put to the test,  
Have forty young greasers to greet her,  
And fifty, if put to the test.

CHORUS

I'll try and obtain a divorce,  
I'll try and obtain a divorce—  
And when I run short of a dollar,  
I'll try and obtain a divorce.

3.

I'll wear a "right pee-rt" standing collar  
And smoke cigaritos, of course;  
And when I run short of a dollar,  
I'll try and obtain a divorce.

4.

I'm greatly in favor of mining,  
With me, though, it does not agree;  
I'd rather be gently reclining  
With Beauty, upon a settee.

CHORUS

With Beauty, upon a settee,  
With Beauty, upon a settee,  
I'd rather be gently reclining,  
With Beauty, upon a settee.

5.

I'm not much in favor of thieving,  
At all events, just as I feel;  
But never will work for a living,  
So long as I'm able to steal.

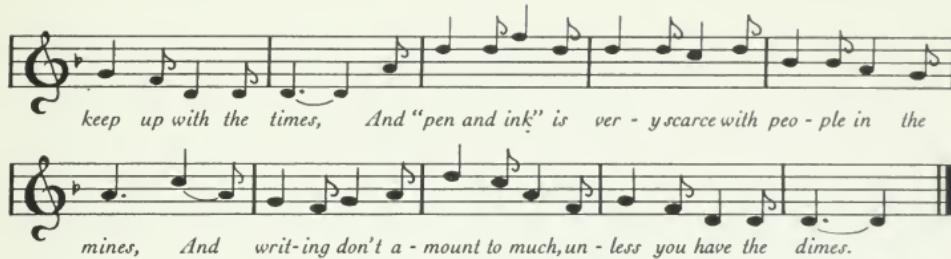
CHORUS

So long as I'm able to steal,  
So long as I'm able to steal,  
I never will work for a living,  
So long as I'm able to steal.

# I Often Think of Writing Home

AIR: IRISH MOLLY, O

of - ten think of writ - ing home, but ver - y sel - dom  
write; A let - ter now and then I get, which fills me with de - light; But  
while I'm here with Rom - ans, I'll do as Rom - ans do, And let it rip, till  
I re - turn, and tell them all I know. *For it keeps a man a-hump-ing round to*



2.

If I would write them every mail I know it would them please;  
But neighbors would then flock around them, like a swarm of bees—  
And great would be the cry abroad that such a man's a fool,  
And if he was a friend of mine, I'd have him sent to school.

3.

I've half a mind to drop a line and tell them I'm alive,  
And watch the California boats whenever they arrive,  
For I intend to home return, whene'er I feel inclined,  
Then drop a line informing them I've lately changed my mind.

4.

I like to live among the hills, and pleasant mountain towns,  
And like the cities better since they drove away the hounds;  
But were they fifty times as fair, for *all* I would not fail  
To be a man forevermore, and write them every mail.

# Sweet Betsey from Pike

AIR: VILLIKINS & HIS DINAH

RHYTHMATICALLY

H, don't you re - mem-ber sweet Bet-sey from Pike, Who  
Sing-ing too - ral lal loo - ral lal loo - ral lal la, Sing-ing  
cross'd the big moun-tains with her lov - er Ike, With two yoke of cat - tle, a  
too - ral lal loo - ral lal loo - ral lal la, Sing too - ral lal loo - ral, Sing  
large yel-low dog, A tall Shang-hai roost - er and one spot- ted hog.  
too - ral lal la, Sing-ing too - ral lal loo - ral lal loo - ral lal la.

## SWEET BETSEY FROM PIKE cont'd.

2.

One evening quite early they camped on the Platte,  
'Twas near by the road on a green shady flat,  
Where Betsey, sore-footed, lay down to repose—  
With wonder Ike gazed on that Pike County rose.

3.

Their wagons broke down with a terrible crash,  
And out on the prairie rolled all kinds of trash;  
A few little baby clothes done up with care—  
'Twas rather suspicious, though all on the *square*.

4.

The shanghai ran off, and their cattle all died;  
That morning the last piece of bacon was fried;  
Poor Ike was discouraged, and Betsey got mad,  
The dog drooped his tail and looked wondrously sad.

5.

They stopped at Salt Lake to inquire the way,  
When Brigham declared that sweet Betsey should stay;  
But Betsey got frightened and ran like a deer,  
While Brigham stood pawing the ground like a steer.

6.

They soon reached the desert, where Betsey gave out,  
And down in the sand she lay rolling about;  
While Ike, half distracted, looked on with surprise,  
Saying, "Betsey, get up, you'll get sand in your eyes."

7.

Sweet Betsey got up in a great deal of pain,  
Declared she'd go back to Pike County again;  
But Ike gave a sigh, and they fondly embraced,  
And they traveled along with his arm round her waist.



8.

They suddenly stopped on a very high hill,  
With wonder looked down upon old Placerville;  
Ike sighed when he said, and he cast his eyes down,  
"Sweet Betsey, my darling, we've got to Hangtown."

9.

Long Ike and sweet Betsey attended a dance;  
Ike wore a pair of his Pike County pants;  
Sweet Betsey was covered with ribbons and rings;  
Says Ike, "You're an angel, but where are your wings?"

10.

A miner said, "Betsey, will you dance with me?"  
"I will that, old hoss, if you don't make too free;  
But don't dance me hard; do you want to know why?  
Dog on you! I'm chock full of strong alkali!"

11.

This Pike County couple got married of course,  
And Ike became jealous—obtained a divorce;  
Sweet Betsey, well satisfied, said with a shout,  
"Goodbye, you big lummux, I'm glad you've backed out!"

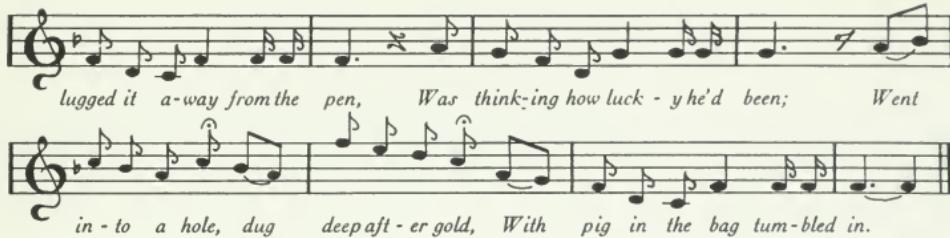
# An Honest Miner

ATR: LOW BACKED CAR

CHEERFULLY

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, treble clef, and G major. The first staff begins with a large, ornate initial 'A'. The lyrics are integrated into the music, with the first line starting with 'HEN —' and the last line ending with 'As he'. The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes having stems pointing up and others down. The lyrics describe a miner's life, mentioning mining, a vine, grub, implements, a gag, and a pig in a bag.

HEN — first I went to min - ing, I was un-com - mon  
green, With a 'gal - lus' rig I went to dig, and claimed a whole ra - vine; But  
when I could not make my grub, with im - ple-ments to gag, An  
hon - est min - er might have been seen at night with a pig in a bag. As he



2.

I wandered 'round from place to place, and no one did mistrust,  
 But what an honest miner had—most any amount of dust;  
 It seems a gang of thieves had robbed a hen-roost neat and clean,  
 An honest miner wringing their necks, might possibly have been  
 seen.

*CHORUS*

*As he thought of the elegant stew,  
 The rooster would make—but he flew;  
 But he'd cook up the hens and invite in his friends,  
 As the dog run him out of the roost.*

3.

No matter who was robbed or killed, 'twas all laid to Joaquin,  
 His band out in the chapparal not long ago was seen;  
 With pick and shovel on his back, as though out on a tramp,  
 An honest miner might have been seen, robbing a Chinese camp.

*CHORUS*

*As he pulled them around by the tails,  
 They scratched with their long finger nails;  
 A tom iron round his body was bound,  
 So of course it must be Joaquin.*

## AN HONEST MINER cont'd.

4.

A certain class will drink and fight, and gamble all the while,  
And live among the prostitutes, in low, degraded style;  
The people think it's with the few, but I for one will tell,  
An honest miner's often seen crawling out of a Spanish corral.

### CHORUS

*And pretend to respectable be  
Will damn them from A to Z;  
They're first in the shout of "Let's run 'em out,"  
And the first to get round where they be.*

5.

An honest miner's like a pile—almighty hard to find;  
So, what's a chicken among so few, when they are chicken inclined?  
But if you'll give the devil his due, there's not a cent to choose,  
An honest miner's often around when pigs and chickens you lose.

### CHORUS

*Though it's always a gang of thieves,  
The lucky one laughs in his sleeves;  
He looks with surprise, and seems to despise  
Anything like a pig in a bag.*

6.

An honest miner'll drink and fight, and raise the very d---l;  
But that's all right, if once a week he's seen with pick and shovel.  
Of course he'll starve before he'll steal, but, try him a trip and see,  
I've mined too long to be deceived, I have that, yes-sir-ree.

### CHORUS

*But we're all of us bound to live,  
By mining though, without or with;  
Though after awhile we'll all make a pile,  
So, remember the pig in a bag.*

# California Bank Robbers

AIR: JORDAN IS A HARD ROAD TO TRAVEL

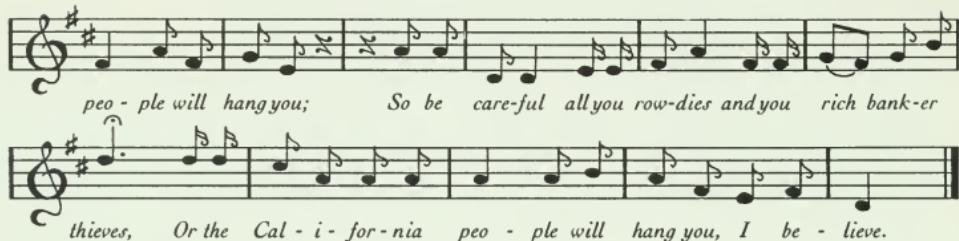
VIGOROUSLY

HE — Cal - i - for - nia peo - ple are de - ter - mined if they find An -

o - ther such a band of rob - bers As the bank - ing firm of Ad - ams, from be -

gin - ning to the end, They will hang them as they have a lot of row - dies. So be

care - ful all you row - dies and you rich bank - er thieve s, Or the Cal - i - for - nia



2.

They agreed among themselves they could easy make a pile,  
 By stealing all they had on deposit;  
 They would do it by a failure, and be honest all the while—  
 Then a million and a half—what of it?

3.

The merchant rushed in, looking whiter than a sheet,  
 The miner came tearing like a bull-dog;  
 Poor old washerwomen crying in the street,  
 And Johnny Bull croaking like a bull-frog.

4.

Women carried 'round on the shoulders of the crowd  
 Really was a sight very funny;  
 Legs all bare, though they didn't seem to care,  
 They were bound to have a sight for their money.

5.

The blind man said to the bankers, "I'm poor—  
 Surely, man, you don't intend to rob me!"  
 The Chinaman said, as they kicked him out the door,  
 "Me no shabee, John, me no shabee!"

6.

In came the shad-bellied Yankee, out of breath,  
 And he says, "Old feller, goll-darn-ye!"  
 Then along came Pike, saying, "I'll be the death  
 Of you bank robbers, dog-on-ye!"

7.

I. C. Wood *sabed* something very strange,  
 So he *vamored*, though he knew it wouldn't sound well;  
 He hid among the hills in the Contra Costa range,  
 With a bag of bogus dust—what a scoundrel!

## CALIFORNIA BANK ROBBERS cont'd.

8.

Ladies in the jam now and then were heard to say,  
"Oh Lordy-massy, how you squeeze us!"  
When a Jew got to the counter, he began without delay,  
"Vel, I vants my money, by Sheeus!"

9.

Frenchmen they were squawking like a flock of hungry geese;  
Vainly did they parley-voo-de-ding-dong.  
Sauer-Kraut was looking for a Justice of the Peace,  
To send all the Yankee thieves to Hong Kong.

10.

Adams he declared that his name was just a sale,  
To give "The House" a wholesome reputation;  
I. C. Wood says they both agreed to fail,  
And swindle all o' God's creation.

11.

The bank robber Wood had to hunt another hole,  
For many were determined they would kill him;  
So he gathered up the money he maliciously had stole,  
And away went the black-hearted villain.

12.

Their "Receiver" is a thief—you can see it by his looks,  
And the Lord knows what he wouldn't swear to;  
After robbing all the money, why he then stole the books,  
And a thousand other things that would scare you.

13.

They were thrown into the bay 'bout the middle of the night,  
By the long-eared, fish-faced Cohen;  
And the moment they were found he was quickly out of sight,  
For he thought it was time to be goin'.

14.

Page & Bacon, after Adams, thought they'd make a strike,  
Concluded in a hurry they would try it,  
Pocket what they could, go a-kiteing back to Pike—  
Now I wonder if they ever will deny it.

15.

Like a great many others, they were taken by surprise,  
When they came to overhaul their plunder;  
Instead of half a million they were sure to realize,  
They hadn't stole a dollar, by thunder!

16.

They were bound to make a raise, so they started in again,  
And carried on a wholesale thieving,  
Robbed the Orphan, the widow, the farmer of his grain,  
And were taken with—a *very sudden leaving!*

17.

If the English and the French cannot take Sebastopol,  
They had better let the job to the Yankees;  
Uncle Sam will do it cheap, unless he is a fool—  
He could steal it with the California bankers!

# A Ripping Trip

AIR: POP GOES THE WEASEL

BRISKLY

Y  
O U — go a-board of a leak - y boat, And sail for San Fran-  
cis - co; You've got to pump to keep her a-float, You have that, by  
jin - go! The en - gine soon be - gins to squeak, But nar - y thing to  
oil her; Im - pos - si - ble to stop the leak— *Rip* goes the boil - er!

## 2.

The captain on the promenade,  
 Looking very savage;  
 Steward and the cabin maid  
 Fighting 'bout a cabbage;  
 All about the cabin floor,  
 Passengers lie sea-sick—  
 Steamer's bound to go ashore—  
 Rip goes the physic!

## 3.

"Pork and beans" they can't afford  
 To second cabin passengers;  
 The cook has tumbled overboard  
 With forty pounds of "sassengers";  
 The engineer, a little tight,  
 Bragging on the Mail Line,  
 Finally gets into a fight—  
 Rip goes the engine!

## A

## RIPPING

## TRIP

## cont'd.



## 4.

Cholera begins to rage,  
 A few have got the scurvy;  
 Chickens dying in their cage—  
 Steerage topsy-turvy.  
 When you get to Panama,  
 Greasers want a back-load;  
 Officers begin to jaw—  
 Rip goes the railroad!

## 5.

When home, you'll tell an awful tale,  
 And always will be thinking  
 How long you had to pump and bail,  
 To keep the tub from sinking.  
*Of course*, you'll take a glass of gin,  
 'Twill make you feel so funny;  
 Some city sharp will rope you in—  
 Rip goes your money!

# Humbug Steamship Companies

*AIR: UNCLE SAM'S FARM*

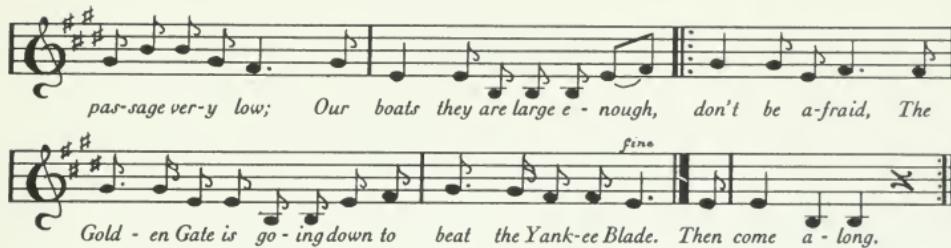
INDIGNANTLY

HE — great-est im - po - si - tion that the pub-lic ev - er saw, Are the

Cal - i - for-nia steam-ships that run to Pa-na-ma; They're a per-fect set of rob-bers, and ac -

com-plish their de-signs, By a gen'ral in - vi - ta - tion to the peo-ple of the mines. Then

come a-long, come a-long, you that want to go, The best ac-com-mo-da - tions, and the



2.

They have opposition on the route, with cabins very nice,  
And advertise to take you for half the usual price;  
They get thousands from the mountains, and then deny their bills,  
So you have to pay the prices, or go back into the hills.

4.

The captain goes to dinner and begins to curse the waiter,  
Knocks him out of hearing with a thundering big potato;  
The cabin maid, half crazy, breaks the meat dish all to smash,  
And the steward comes a running with a plate of mouldy hash.

3.

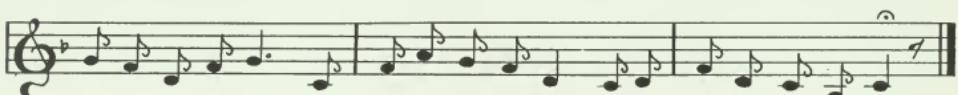
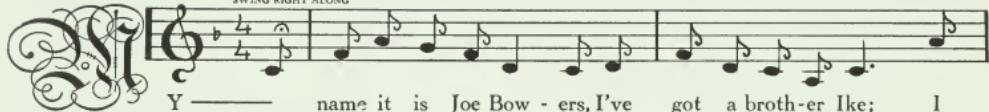
When you start from San Francisco, they treat you like a dog,  
The victuals you're compell'd to eat ain't fit to feed a hog;  
And a drunken mate a-cursing and damning you around,  
And wishing that the boat would sink and every one be drowned.

5.

You are driven round the steerage like a drove of hungry swine,  
And kicked ashore at Panama by the Independent Line;  
Your baggage is thrown overboard, the like you never saw,  
A trip or two will sicken you of going to Panama.

# Joe Bowers

SWING RIGHT ALONG



## JOE BOWERS cont'd.

2.

I used to love a gal thar, they call'd her Sally Black;  
I axed her for to marry me, she said it was a whack;  
Says she to me, "Joe Bowers before we hitch for life,  
You'd orter have a little home to keep your little wife."

3.

Says I, "My dearest Sally, oh Sally, for your sake,  
I'll go to Californy, and try to raise a stake."  
Says she to me, "Joe Bowers, oh you're the chap to win  
Give me a buss to seal the bargain," and she threw a douzen in!

4.

I shall ne'er forgit my feelins when I bid adieu to all;  
Sally cotched me round the neck, then I began to bawl;  
When I sot in, they all commenced—you ne'er did hear the like,  
How they all took on and cried, the day I left old Pike.

5.

When I got to this 'ere country, I hadn't nary red,  
I had such wolfish feelins I wish'd myself 'most dead;  
But the thoughts of my dear Sally soon made them feelins git,  
And whispered hopes to Bowers—Lord, I wish I had 'em yit!

10.

Now, I've told you all I could tell, about this sad affair,  
'Bout Sally marryin' the butcher, and the butcher had red HAR.  
Whether 'twas a boy or gal child, the letter never said,  
It only said its cussed HAR was inclined to be a RED!

6.

At length I went to minin', put in my biggest licks,  
Come down upon the boulders jist like a thousand bricks;  
I worked both late and airyly, in rain, and sun, and snow,  
But I was working for my Sally, so 'twas all the same to Joe.

7.

I made a very lucky strike, as the gold itself did tell,  
And saved it for my Sally, the gal I loved so well;  
I saved it for my Sally, that I might pour it at her feet,  
That she might kiss and hug me, and call me something sweet.

8.

But one day I got a letter from my dear, kind brother, Ike—  
It come from old Missouri, sent all the way from Pike;  
It brought me the gol-darn'est news as ever you did hear—  
My heart is almost bustin', so, pray, excuse this tear.

9.

It said my Sal was fickle, that her love for me had fled;  
That she'd married with a butcher, whos HAR was orful red!  
It told me more than that—oh! it's enough to make one swar,  
It said Sally had a baby, and the baby had red HAR!

# Lousy Miner

ATR: DARK-EYED SAILOR

The musical score is in 3/2 time with a key signature of one sharp. The first measure features a decorative initial 'T' followed by a breve rest. The tempo is marked 'SLOWLY'. The lyrics are as follows:

T 'S — four long years since I reached this land, In search of  
gold a-mong the rocks and sand; And yet I'm poor when the truth is  
told. *I'm a lous-y min - er, I'm a lous-y min - er in search of shin-ing gold.*

2.

I've lived on swine 'till I grunt and squeal,  
No one can tell how my bowels feel,  
With slapjacks a-swimming round in bacon grease.

*CHORUS*

*I'm a lousy miner,  
I'm a lousy miner; when will my troubles cease?*

3.

I was covered with lice coming on the boat,  
I threw away my fancy swallow-tailed coat,  
And now they crawl up and down my back;

*CHORUS*

*I'm a lousy miner,  
I'm a lousy miner, a pile is all I lack.*

LOUSY

MINER

cont'd.

4.

My sweetheart vowed she'd wait for me  
'Till I returned; but don't you see  
She's married now, sure, so I'm told,

*CHORUS*

*Left her lousy miner,  
Left her lousy miner, in search of shining gold.*



5.

Oh, land of gold, you did me deceive,  
And I intend in thee my bones to leave;  
So farewell, home, now my friends grow cold,

*CHORUS*

*I'm a lousy miner,  
I'm a lousy miner in search of shining gold.*

# When I Went Off to Prospect

AIR: KING OF THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS

heard of gold at Sut-ter's Mill, At Mich-i-gan Bluff and  
At Yan-kee Jim's I bought a purse, In-quired for I-o-wa

I-o-wa Hill, But nev-er thought it was rich un-til I  
Hill, of course, And tra-velled on, but what was worse, Fetched

start-ed off to pros-pect. A sick-er min-er  
up in Shirt-tail Can-on.

ev - ery way Had not been seen for man - y a day; The

dev - il it al - ways was to pay, When I went off to pros - pect.

2.

When I got there, the mining ground  
Was staked and claimed for miles around,  
And not a bed was to be found,  
When I went off to prospect,  
The town was crowded full of folks,  
Which made me think 'twas not a hoax;  
At my expense they cracked their jokes,  
When I went off to prospect.

3.

I left my jackass on the road,  
Because he wouldn't carry the load;  
I'd sooner pick a big horn toad,  
When I went off to prospect.  
My fancy shirt, with collar so nice, .  
I found was covered with body-lice;  
I used unguentum once or twice,  
But could not kill the grey-backs.



4.

At Deadwood I got on a tight—  
At Groundhog Glory I had a fight;  
They drove me away from Hell's Delight,  
When I went off to prospect.  
From Bogus-Thunder I ran away—  
At Devil's Basin I wouldn't stay;  
My lousy shirt crawled off one day,  
Which left me nearly naked.

5.

Now all I got for running about,  
Was two black eyes, and a bloody snout;  
And that's the way it did turn out,  
When I went off to prospect.  
And now I'm loafing around dead broke,  
My pistol and tools are all in soak,  
And whisky bills at me they poke—  
But I'll make it right in the morning.

# Coming Around the Horn

AIR: DEAREST MAE

O W — min-ers, if you'll lis-ten, I'll tell you quite a tale, A -  
bout the voy-age a-round Cape Horn, they call a pleas-ant sail; We bought a ship, and  
had her stow'd with hous-es, tolls and grub, But cursed the day we ev-er sailed in the  
poor old rot-ten tub. Oh, I re-mem-ber well the lies they used to  
tell, Of gold so bright, it hurt the sight, and made the min-ers yell.

## COMING AROUND THE HORN cont'd.

### 2.

We left old New York City, with the weather very thick,  
The second day we puked up boots, oh, wusn't we all sea-sick!  
I swallowed pork tied to a string, which made a dreadful shout,  
I felt it strike the bottom, but I could not pull it out.

### 3.

We all were owners in the ship, and soon began to growl,  
Because we hadn't ham and eggs, and now and then a fowl;  
We told the captain what to do, as him we had to pay,  
The captain swore that he was boss, and we should him obey.

### 4.

We lived like hogs, penned up to fat, our vessel was so small,  
We had a "duff" but once a month, and twice a day a squall;  
A meeting now and then was held, which kicked up quite a stink,  
The captain damned us fore and aft, and wished the box would sink.

### 5.

Off Cape Horn, where we lay becalmed, kind Providence seemed  
to frown,  
We had to stand up night and day, none of us dared sit down;  
For some had half a dozen boils, 'twas awful, sure's you're born,  
But some would try it on the sly, and got pricked by the Horn.

### 6.

We stopped at Valparaiso, where the women are so loose,  
And all got drunk as usual, got shoved in the Calaboose;  
Our ragged, rotten sails were patched, the ship made ready for sea,  
But every man, except the cook, was up town on a spree.

### 7.

We sobered off, set sail again, on short allowance, of course,  
With water thick as castor oil, and stinking beef much worse;  
We had the scurvy and the itch, and any amount of lice,  
The medicine chest went overboard, with bluemass, cards and dice.

### 8.

We arrived at San Francisco, and all went to the mines,  
We left an agent back to sell our goods of various kinds;  
A friend wrote up to let us know our agent, Mr. Gates,  
Had sold the ship and cargo, sent the money to the States.

# California Ball

AIR: WAIT FOR THE WAGON

WOULD make our East-ern peo - ple cave, To see the great and  
small, The old, with one foot in the grave, All "splurg-ing" at a  
ball. Wait for the mu - sic! Wait for the mu - sic!  
Wait for the mu - sic! And we'll all have a dance!

2.

On foot they through the diggins wind,  
And over mountains tall,  
With young ones tagging on behind,  
"Flatfooted" for the ball!

3.

A dozen babies on the bed,  
And all begin to squall;  
The mothers wish the brats were dead,  
For crying at the ball!

4.

The manager begins to curse,  
And swaggers through the hall,  
For mothers they've gone out to nurse  
Their babies at the ball!

5.

Old women in their bloomer rigs  
Are fond of "balance all!"  
And "weighty" when it comes to jigs,  
And so on, at the ball.

6.

A yearling miss fills out the sett,  
Although not very tall;  
"I'm anxious now," she says, "you bet,  
To proceed with the ball!"

## CALIFORNIA

### BALL

### cont'd.

7.

A married woman—gentle dove—  
With nary tooth at all,  
Sits in the corner making love  
To some "pimp" at the ball!

8.

A drunken loafer at the dance,  
Informs them one and all,  
With bowie-knife stuck in his pants,  
"The best man at the ball!"

9.

The Spanish hags of ill repute,  
For brandy loudly call;  
And no one dares their right dispute  
To freedom at the ball!

10.

The gambler all the money wins,  
To bed the drunkest crawl;  
And fighting then of course begins  
With rowdies at the ball!

11.

They rush it like a railroad car;  
And often is the call  
Of, "Promenade up to the bar,"  
For whisky at the ball!

12.

"Old Alky" makes their bowels yearn,  
They stagger round and fall;  
And ladies say when they return,  
"Oh, what a splendid ball!"



# Hog Eye Man

A musical score for 'Hog Eye Man' in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of three staves of music with corresponding lyrics. The first staff begins with a large, ornate initial 'H'. The second staff starts with a treble clef and a 'LUSTILY' dynamic instruction. The third staff starts with a bass clef. The lyrics are as follows:

the hog-eye men are all the go, When they come down to old  
San Fran-cis-co. And a hog-eye, rail-road nig-ger with his hog-eye,  
Row the boat a-shore and a hog-eye, O, she wants the hog-eye man.

## HOG EYE MAN cont'd.

2.

Oh go fetch me down my riding cane  
For I'm going to see my darling Jane.

3.

Oh, who been here since I been gone?  
Some big buck nigger wid his sea-boots on.

4.

Oh I won't wed a nigger, I'll be damned if I do,  
He's got jiggers in his feet and he can't wear a shoe.



5.

Oh the hog-eye man's the man for me,  
He was raised way down in Tenn-i-see.

6.

O, Sally in the garden picking peas,  
Her golden hair hanging down to her knees.

7.

Oh a hog's-eye ship, and a hog's-eye crew,  
And a hog's-eye mate, and a skipper too.

8.

Now where have you been gone so long  
You Yankee Jack wid de sea boots on?

# California Stage Company

AIR: DANDY JIM OF CAROLINE

FAST  
4

HERE'S— no res -pect for youth or age, On board of a Cal - i -  
for - nia stage; But pull and haul a - bout for seats As bed - bugs do a -  
mong the sheets. They start - ed as a thiev - ing line In eight - een hun - dred  
for - ty-nine; All "op - po - si - tion" they de - fy, So the peo - ple must root hog or die.

2.

You're crowded in with Chinamen,  
As fattening hogs are in a pen,  
And what will more a man provoke,  
Is musty plug tobacco smoke.

3.

The ladies are compelled to sit  
With dresses in tobacco spit;  
The gentlemen don't seem to care,  
But talk on politics and swear.

4.

The dust is deep in summer time,  
The mountains very hard to climb;  
And drivers often stop and yell,  
"Get out, all hands, and push—up hill!"

## CALIFORNIA

### STAGE COMPANY

cont'd.

5.

The drivers, when they feel inclined,  
Will have you walking on behind,  
And on your shoulders lug a pole,  
To help them through some muddy hole.

6.

They promise, when your fare you pay,  
"You'll have to walk but *half* the way;"  
Then add *aside*, with cunning laugh,  
"You'll push and pull the *other half!*"

7.

They have and will monopolize  
The business, 'till the *people rise*,  
And send them "kiteing" down below,  
To start a line with Bates and Rowe!



# California Bloomer

AIR: LUCY LONG

FAST

I S S — El - la she is twen-ty-nine, Has tak - en two de -  
rees, And tore her shirt-tail off be-hind, So she can show her  
knees. So take your time, Miss El - la, take your time, Miss El - la,  
do, And I will rock the cra-dle, give the or - o all to you.

2.

Miss Ella is a gallus nag,  
Miss Ella she is neat,  
Her eyes look like a saffron bag,  
And, Lord, what awful feet!

## CALIFORNIA

### BLOOMER

cont'd.

4.

She's from Lumpkin County, Georgia,  
I know her like a book;  
I used to see her wash her feet  
In Johnson's saw-mill brook.

3.

I saw Miss Ella on the Platte  
Where she got alkali'd,  
Her jackass he was rolling fat,  
And straddle she would ride.



6.

She'll get it all after awhile,  
If patiently she waits;  
I'll leave her when I make a pile,  
And vamose for the States.

5.

Miss Ella has a claim, they say,  
She works it all the while;  
She creviced round the other day,  
Panned out a little pile.

# Sacramento Gals

*AIR: BOBBING AROUND*

HE — Sac - ra - men - to gals are some,  
Nip - ping 'round, a - round, a - round; They're down on men what  
live on rum, As they go nip - ping 'round.

2.

They're pretty gals, I must confess,  
*Nipping 'round, around, around;*  
And "Lordy-massy" how they dress,  
*As they go nipping 'round.*

3.

On J street they are to be found,  
*Nipping 'round, around, around;*  
Their bustles lift them off the ground,  
*As they go nipping 'round.*

4.

Their hoops will reach around a dray,  
*Nipping 'round, around, around;*  
They're "airy" on a windy day,  
*As they go nipping 'round.*

5.

There's many a gal from Ar-kan-saw,  
*Nipping 'round, around, around;*  
Who well remembers hollowing "haw,"  
*As she went nipping 'round.*

## SACRAMENTO

### GALS

cont'd.



6.

Their faces covered with paint and chalk,  
*Nipping 'round, around, around;*  
Their hoops take up the whole side-walk,  
*As they go nipping 'round.*

7.

They're here and there, like Santa Anna,  
*Nipping 'round, around, around;*  
They're fresh and mellow as a ripe banana,  
*As they go nipping 'round.*

8.

Give me a rosy country gal,  
*Nipping 'round, around, around;*  
No matter if her name is Sal,  
*As she goes nipping 'round.*

9.

But of all the gals I ever see,  
*Nipping 'round, around, around;*  
The Sacramento gals for me,  
*As they go nipping 'round.*

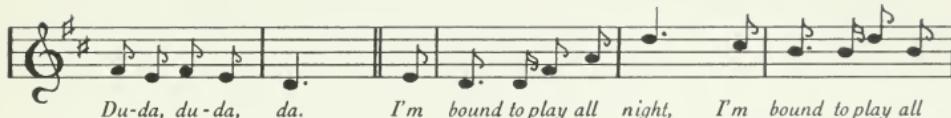
# The Gambler

AIR: DE CAMPTOWN RACES

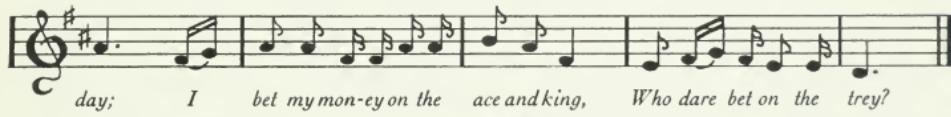
gam-bler's life I do ad-mire, Du-da, du - da, The

best of rum they do re-quire, Du-da, du - da, da; The pok-er sharps be -

gin to pout, Du-da, du - da; I play'd all night and clean'd them out,



Du-da, du-da, da. I'm bound to play all night, I'm bound to play all



**2.**

Monte's mighty hard to beat,  
Du-da, du-da,

They say the dealer's bound to treat,  
Du-da, du-da, da;

Bar-Keeper, give me a glass of porter,  
Du-da, du-da,

Gin for me, with a glass of water,  
Du-da, du-da, da.

**3.**

The king's a lay-out from the top,  
Du-da, du-da,

That's where I let my money drop,  
Du-da, du-da, da;

I like to deal, and I like to buck,  
Du-da, du-da,

I'm down on noisy chuck-a-luck,  
Du-da, du-da, da.



**4.**

There's faro, sledge, and twenty-one,  
Du-da, du-da,

For me to beat 'tis only fun,  
Du-da, du-da, da;

Gamblers, always hold your tongue,  
Du-da, du-da,

French monte-dealers have all been hung. I'm bound to gamble all my life.  
Du-da, du-da, da.

**5.**

What will we do these license times,  
Du-da, du-da,

I'll steal before I'll work the mines,  
Du-da, du-da, da;

The miners used to bet their dust,  
Du-da, du-da,

But now they lay it away to rust.  
Du-da, du-da, da.

**6.**

I used to wear a ruffled shirt,  
Du-da, du-da,

But now I'm covered with rags and dirt,  
Du-da, du-da, da;

A Colt's revolver and a Bowie-knife,  
Du-da, du-da,

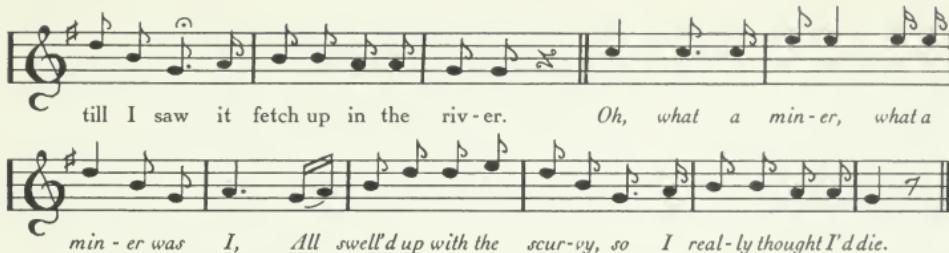
Du-da, du-da, da.

# Prospecting Dream

ATR: OH SUSANNA

FAST

dreamed a dream the oth - er night, when ev - ery-thing was  
still, I dreamed that I was car-ry-ing my long-tom down a hill; My  
feet slipp'd out and I fell down, oh, how I jarr'd my liv - er, I watch'd my long-tom



2.

My matches, flour, and Chili beans, lay scattered all around,  
 I felt so bad I wished to die, as I lay on the ground;  
 My coffee rolled down by a rock, my pepper I could not find,  
 'Twas then I thought of Angeline, the girl I left behind.

3.

I took my shovel, pick and pan, to try a piece of ground,  
 I dream'd I struck the richest lead that ever had been found;  
 Then I wrote home that I had found a solid lead of gold,  
 And I'd be home in just a month, but what a lie I told!

4.

I dug, I panned and tommed awhile, till I had but a dollar,  
 I struck it here, and right down there, I could not raise the color;  
 John Chinaman he bought me out, and pungled down the dust,  
 Then I had just an ounce in change to start out on a "bust."

5.

I went to town and got drunk; in the morning, to my surprise,  
 I found that I had got a pair of roaring big black eyes,  
 And I was strapp'd, had not a cent, not even pick or shovel,  
 My hair snarled up, my breeches torn, looked like the very devil.

6.

I then took up a little farm, and got a señorita,  
 Grey-eyed, hump-backed, and black as tar—her name was  
 Marguerita;  
 My pigs all died, hens flew away, Joaquin he stole my mules,  
 My ranch burnt "down," my blankets "up," likewise my farming  
 tools.

7.

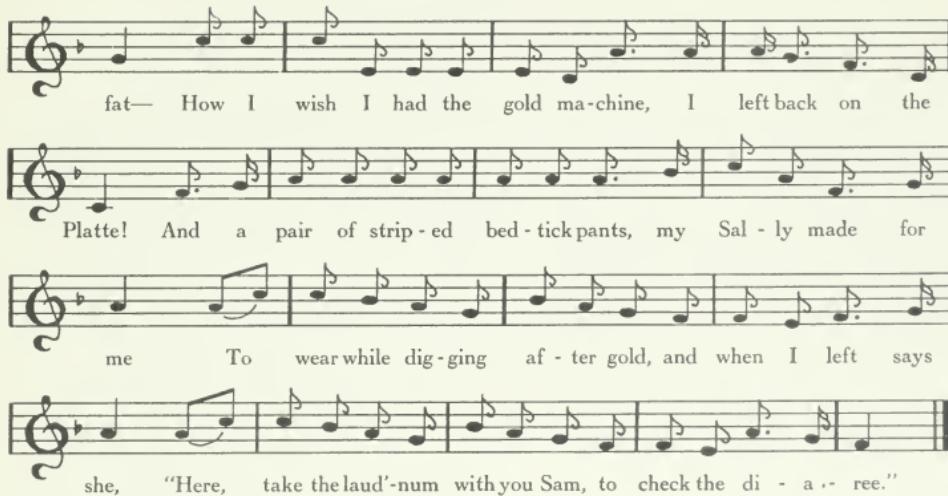
I left my farm, and hired out to be a hardware clerk,  
 I got kicked out, "cos" couldn't write, so again I went to work;  
 But when they caught me stealing grub, a few went in to boot him,  
 And others round were singing out, "Hang him, hang him,  
 shoot him!"

# Arrival of the Greenhorn

AIR: JEANETTE & JEANOT

A musical score for 'Arrival of the Greenhorn' in 2/4 time, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are as follows:

'V E — just got in a - cross the Plains, I'm poor-er than a snail, My  
mules all died, but poor old Clip I pulled in by the tail; I fed him last at  
Chim-ney Rock, that's where the grass gave out, I'm proud to tell, we stood it well, a -  
long the Truck-ee route. But I'm ver - y weak and lean, though I start-ed plump and



fat— How I wish I had the gold ma-chine, I left back on the Platte! And a pair of strip-ed bed-tick pants, my Sal-ly made for me To wear while dig-ging af-ter gold, and when I left says she, "Here, take the laud'-num with you Sam, to check the dia-ree."

2.

When I left Missouri river, with my California rig,  
 I had a shovel, pick and pan, and tools they used to dig;  
 My mules gave out along the Platte, where they got alkalied,  
 And I sick with the "di-a-ree," my laudanum by my side.  
 When I reached the little Blue, I'd one boot and a shoe,

Which I thought by greasing once or twice, would last me nearly through;  
 I had needles, thread and pills, which my mammy did prescribe,  
 And a flint-lock musket full, to shoot the Digger tribe,  
 But I left them all on Goose Creek where I freely did imbibe.

## ARRIVAL OF THE GREENHORN cont'd.

### 3.

I joined in with a train from Pike, at Independence Rock,  
The Indians came in that night, stampeded all their stock;  
They laughed at me, said, "Go-a-foot," but soon they stopped  
their fun,  
For my old mule was left behind so poor he could not run.  
So I packed my fancy nag, for the rest I could not wait,  
And I traveled up Sweet Water, till I came to Devil's Gate;  
When my mule gave out in sight of where I started in the morn,  
I'd have given all my boots and shoes if I had not been born,  
Or I'd rather stripped at New Orleans, to swim around the Horn.

### 4.

I arrived at Salt Lake City, on the 18th of July,  
Old Brigham Young was on a "bust," he swore they'd never die;  
I went to see the Jordan, with a lady, God forgive her,  
She took me to the water's edge, and shoved me in the river;  
I crawled out and started on, and I managed very well,  
Until I struck the Humboldt, which I thought was nearly hell;  
I traveled till I struck the sink where outlet can't be found,  
The Lord got through late Saturday night, he'd finished all around,  
But would not work on Sunday, so he run it in the ground.

### 5.

The Peyouts stole what grub I had, they left me not a bite,  
And now the devil was to pay—the Desert was in sight;  
And as the people passed along, they'd say to me, "You fool,  
You'll never get through in the world, unless you leave that mule."  
But I pushed, pulled and coaxed, till I finally made a start,  
And his bones, they squeaked and rattled so, I thought he'd  
fall apart;  
I killed a buzzard now and then, gave Clip the legs and head.  
We crossed the Truckee thirty times, but not a tear was shed,  
We crossed the summit, took the trail, that to Nevada led.

### 6.

When I got to Sacramento, I got on a little tight,  
I lodged aboard the Prison brig, one-half a day and night;  
I vamosed when I got ashore, went to the Northern mines,  
There found the saying very true, "All is not gold that shines."  
I dug, packed and chopped, and have drifted night and day,  
But I haven't struck a single lead, that would me wages pay.  
At home they think we ought to have gold on our cabin shelves,  
Wear high-heeled boots, well blacked, instead of rubbers No.  
twelves;  
But let them come and try it, 'till they satisfy themselves.

# Crossing the Plains

AIR: CAROLINE OF EDINBORO'

RHYTHMICALY

OME — all you Cal - i - for - ni-ans, I pray 'ope wide your ears, If you are go - ing 'cross the Plains, with snot - ty mules or steers; Re - mem - ber beans be - fore you start, like - wise dried beef and ham, Be - ware of ven' - son, dang the stuff, it's of - ten-times a ram.

## CROSSING THE PLAINS cont'd.

### 2.

You must buy two revolvers, a bowie-knife and belt,  
Says you, "Old feller, now stand off, or I will have your pelt;"  
The greenhorn looks around about, but not a soul can see,  
Says he, "There's not a man in town, but what's afraid of me."

### 3.

You shouldn't shave, but cultivate your down, and let it grow,  
So when you do return, 'Twill be as soft and white as snow;  
Your lovely Jane will be surprised, your ma'll begin to cook;  
The greenhorn to his mother'll say, "How savage I must look!"

### 4.

"How do you like it overland?" his mother she will say,  
"All right, excepting cooking, then the devil is to pay;  
For some won't cook, and others can't, and then it's curse and  
damn,  
The coffee-pot's begun to leak, so has the frying-pan."

### 5.

It's always jaw about the teams, and how we ought to do,  
All hands get mad, and each one says, "I own as much as you,"  
One of them says, "I'll buy or sell, I'm damned if I care which;"  
Another says, "Let's buy him out, the lousy son of a bitch."

### 6.

You calculate on sixty days to take you over the Plains,  
But there you lack for bread and meat, for coffee and for brains;  
Your sixty days are a hundred or more, your grub you've got to  
divide,  
Your steers and mules are alkaliied, so foot it—you cannot ride.

### 7.

You have to stand a watch at night, to keep the Indians off,  
About sundown some heads will ache, and some begin to cough;  
To be deprived of health we know is always very hard,  
Though every night someone is sick, to get rid of standing guard.

## CROSSING THE PLAINS cont'd. (2)

### 8.

Your canteens, they should be well filled, with poison alkali,  
So when you get tired of travelling, you can cramp all up and die:  
The best thing in the world to keep your bowels loose and free,  
Is fight and quarrel among yourselves, and seldom if ever agree.

### 9.

There's not a log to make a seat, along the river Platte,  
So when you eat, you've got to sit or stand, or sit down square  
and flat:  
It's fun to cook with buffalo wood, take some that's newly born,  
If I knew once what I know now, I'd a gone around the Horn!

### 10.

The desert's nearly death on corns, while walking in the sand,  
And drive a jackass by the tail, it's damn this overland;  
I'd rather ride a raft at sea, and then at once be lost,  
Says Bill, "Let's leave this poor old mule, we can't get him  
across."

### 11.

The ladies have the hardest time, they emigrate by land,  
For when they cook with buffalo wood, they often burn a hand;  
And then they jaw their husbands round, get mad and spill the tea,  
Wish to the Lord they'd be taken down with a turn of the di-a-ree.

### 12.

When you arrive at Placerville, or Sacramento City,  
You've nothing in the world to eat, no money—what a pity!  
Your striped pants are all worn out, which causes people to laugh,  
When they see you gaping round the town like a great big  
brindle calf.

### 13.

You're lazy, poor, and all broke down, such hardships you endure,  
The post-office at Sacramento all such men will cure;  
You'll find a line from ma' and pa', and one from lovely Sal,  
If that don't physic you every mail, you never will get well.

# Seeing the Elephant

AIR: DE BOATMAN DANCE

HEN—— I left the States for gold, Ev-ery-thing I had I sold; A  
stove and bed, a fat old sow Six - teen chick-ens and a cow. So  
leave you min-ers, leave, oh, leave, you min-ers, leave, Take my ad - vice, kill

off your lice, or else go up in the mount - ains; Oh no,  
 Oh no,  
 lots of dust, I'm go - ing to the cit - y to get on a "bust,"  
 lots of dust, I'm go - ing to the cit - y to get on a "bust."

2.

Off I started, Yankee-like,  
 I soon fell in with a lot from Pike;  
 The next was, "Damn you, back, wo-haw,"  
 A right smart chance from Arkansaw.

3.

On the Platte we couldn't agree,  
 Because I had a di-a-ree,  
 We there split up, I made a break,  
 With one old mule for the Great Salt Lake.

4.

The Morman girls were fat as hogs,  
 The chief production, cats and dogs;  
 Some had ten wives, others none,  
 Thirty-six had Brigham Young.



5.  
 The damn fool, like all the rest,  
 Supposed the thirty-six the best;  
 He soon found out his virgin dears  
 Had all been Mormons thirteen years.

6.

Being brave, I cut and carved,  
 On the desert nearly starved;  
 My old mule laid down and died,  
 I had no blanket, took his hide.

7.

The poor coyotes stole my meat,  
 Then I had nought but bread to eat;  
 It was not long till that gave out,  
 Then how I cursed the Truckee route!

8.

On I traveled through the pines,  
At last I found the northern mines;  
I stole a dog, got whipt like hell,  
Then away I went to Marysville.

9.

There I filled the town with lice,  
And robbed the Chinese of their rice;  
The people say, "You've got the itch,  
Leave here, you lousy son of a bitch."

10.

Because I would not pay my bill,  
They kicked me out of Downieville;  
I stole a mule and lost the trail,  
And then fetched up in Hangtown Jail.

11.

Canvas roof and paper walls,  
Twenty horse-thieves in the stalls;  
I did as I had done before,  
Coyoted out from 'neath the floor.

12.

I robbed a nigger of a dollar,  
And bought unguent to grease my collar;  
I tried a pint, not one had gone,  
Then it beat the devil how I daubed it on.

## SEEING THE ELEPHANT

cont'd.



13.

The people threatened hard my life,  
Because I stole a miner's wife;  
They showed me a rope, to give me signs,  
Then off I went to the southern mines.

14.

I mined awhile, got lean and lank,  
And lastly stole a monte-bank;  
Went to the city, got a gambler's name  
And lost my bank at the thimble game.

15.

I fell in love with a California girl;  
Her eyes were grey, her hair did curl;  
Her nose turned up to get rid of her chin—  
Says she, "You're a miner, you can't come in."

16.

When the elephant I had seen,  
I'm damn'd if I thought I was green;  
And others say, both night and morn,  
They saw him coming round the Horn.

17.

If I should make another raise,  
In New York sure I'll spend my days;  
I'll be a merchant, buy a saw,  
So good-bye, mines and Panama.

## Days of Forty-Nine

ERE — you see old Tom Moore, A relic of by-gone days; A  
bum-mer, too, they call me now, But what care I for praise? For my  
heart is filled with grief and woe, And oft I do re - pine For the  
Days of Old, the Days of Gold, And the days of For - ty - Nine.

2.

I had comrades then—a saucy set,  
They were rough, I must confess,  
But staunch and brave, as true as steel,  
Like hunters from the West;  
But they like many another fish  
Have now run out their line,  
But like good old Bricks they stood the kicks,  
Of the Days of 'Forty-Nine.

3.

There was Monte Pete—I'll ne'er forget  
The luck he always had,  
He'd deal for you both night and day,  
Or as long as you had a scad.  
One night a pistol laid him out,  
'Twas his last lay-out, in fine;  
It caught Pete sure, right bang in the door,  
In the days of 'Forty-Nine.

4.

There was New York Jake, a butcher boy,  
So fond of getting tight;  
Whenever Jake got full of gin  
He was looking for a fight.  
One night he ran against a knife  
In the hands of old Bob Kline—  
So over Jake we had a wake,  
In the Days of 'Forty-Nine.

## DAY S O F FORTY-NINE

cont'd.



5.

There was another chap from New Orleans,  
Big Ruben was his name—  
On the plaza there, with a sardine box,  
He opened a Faro game—  
He dealt so fair that a millionaire  
He became in course of time  
'Till death stepped in and called the tune  
In the Days of 'Forty-Nine.

6.

There was Kentucky Bill, one of the boys  
Who was always in for a game—  
No matter whether he lost or won,  
To him 'twas all the same.  
He'd ante a slug, he'd pass the buck;  
He'd go a hateful blind,  
In a game of death, Bill lost his breath,  
In the Days of 'Forty-Nine.

7.

There was North Caroline Jess, a hard old case  
Who never would repent,  
Jess was never known to miss a meal,  
Or ever pay a cent.  
But poor old Jess, like all the rest,  
To Death did at last resign,  
And in his bloom, he went up the Flume  
In the Days of 'Forty-Nine.

## DAYS OF FORTY-NINE cont'd. (2)

8.

There was Rackensack Jim, who could out-roar  
A buffalo bull, you bet!  
He roared all night, he roared all day,  
He may be roaring yet.  
One night he fell in a prospect-hole—  
'Twas a roaring bad design—  
For in that hole Jim roared out his soul  
In the Days of 'Forty-Nine.

9.

Of all the comrades I had then  
There's none left now but me,  
And the only thing I'm fitting for  
Is a senator to be—  
The people cry, as I pass by—  
"There goes a travelling sign;  
"That's Old Tom Moore, a bummer  
"Of the Days of 'Forty-Nine."

10.

O, since that time how things have changed  
In this land of Liberty!  
Darkies didn't vote nor plead in court  
Nor rule this coun-to-ry.  
But the Chinese question, the worst of all,  
In those days did not shine  
For the country was right, and the boys all white.  
In the Days of 'Forty-Nine.

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THE  
**Gold Rush Song Book**

A COMPILATION OF FAMOUS SONGS  
SUNG BY THE MEN WHO CAME TO  
CALIFORNIA TO MINE FOR GOLD IN

1849